

PR6015
U54C5
1919

Princeton University Library



32101 067581601

RECAP

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

THOMAS RIGGS, JR. 1915-1953

THOMAS RIGGS, JR. was born in Washington, D.C., on Christmas Day 1915. After attending private schools in the States and in Juneau, Alaska, he entered Princeton with the Class of 1937, graduating with High Honors in English. He was co-chairman of the *Nassau Lit* and on the staff of the *Daily Princetonian*. He also distinguished himself as one of the founders of the Veterans of Future Wars. Following his graduation he was Class of 1873 Fellow in English at the Princeton Graduate School and was awarded his M.A. in 1939. From 1939 to 1941 he taught at Phillips Exeter Academy.

He entered the army as a private in January 1942, and in March went overseas with the First Armored Division. He saw action in the Tunisian Campaign and several Italian campaigns, including the Anzio assault. In 1944 he was commissioned in the field.

From 1946 to 1949 he taught at New York University and completed a study of the New England poet Trumbull Stickney which was his doctoral dissertation. In 1949 he was awarded his Ph.D. and came to Princeton as an instructor. He was promoted to Lecturer in 1951 and to Assistant Professor in 1953.

His talents were considerable and varied. An inspiring teacher, a poet, critic, and scholar, he was also a fisherman, conversationalist, and raconteur. He was a devoted and supporting friend, a serious and responsible citizen. Love of mankind can become a dangerous abstraction but Thomas Riggs married it with a love of individuals, responded to by all conditions of men. His sense of justice and his loathing of fraud, in life or literature, caused him anger and anguish but never stifled his humane wit or quenched his fantasy.

At
Bristol
Same Place
1861

A Cornish Chorus

A Cornish Chorus

By

" Bernard Moore "

Sergt. Middlesex Regt.

Author of "Cornish Catches" and "A Cornish Haul"

(S. S. Hunt. B.R.C. 1893-4)

London: Sidgwick & Jackson, Ltd

1919

(RECAP)

~~(Annex 1)~~

PR6015

.U54C5

1919

First published in 1919

All rights reserved

ENTS

	PAGE
A CORNISH CHORUS	9
SOME OF THE CHOIR :	
OUR ORGANIST	11
PASSUN	13
LIFE SAVIN'	15
BILLY	17
LAD'S LOVE	18
SUNDAY PRIDE	20
JUDY	22
FISHERMEN	23
HOCKEN'S STORE	25
THE TWINS	27
SMOOTH SAILIN'	29
THE BUTCHER	31
SAVIN'	33
REST	35
SOME OF THE SONGS :	
"HUSH, MY HANSUM"	37
MOTHER'S SON	38
A SONG O' SAILIN'	40
AT MADRON WELL	42
OUR BAND	44
"NEWS!"	47
TRAVELLER'S JOY	48
CHERRY TIME	50
THE KNIFEGRINDER	52
MOTHER'S ORDERS	54
THE SONG OF THE "LUCY LEE"	55
"SALE TO-DAY"	57
THE WINDER-SEAT	60
THE CUT O' THE JIB	62
A CHRIS'MUSSY PRESENT	64
A CORNISH COURTIN'. (JENNY AND JOE) :	
MY POSY	66
THE LOOKS OF HIM	67
ONE LIL' WORD	68
TELLIN' TRUE	69
DOWN THE LANE	71
JENNY'S SONG	72
JENNY AN' JOE	73

	PAGE
WAR NOTES :	
"GINGER"	75
WHEN JACK COMES BACK	77
ON LEAVE	79
"SOMEWHERE IN THE NORTH SEA"	81
MOLLY'S SONG	83
THRO' THE NIGHT	84
THE LITTLE SHIPS OF ENGLAND	85
FEARS	87
THE OLD "VINDICTIVE." R.I.P.	89
JOE	91
THE CHILDREN'S PRAYER	93
"COME, GENTLE PEACE"	95
EXILE SONGS :	
IN EXILE	96
TRAVELLING	98
THE WOODLAND SPIRIT	100
TIME, THE PACKMAN	102
TREASURES	103
DAWN	104
SUNSET GOLD	105
THE OLD SETTLE	106
JOURNEY'S END	107

NOTE

"Somewhere in the North Sea," "The Little Ships," "The Children's Prayer," and "Cherry Time," have been set to music by Wilfrid Sanderson and published by Messrs Boosey & Co.

"Hush, my Hansum" has been set to music by Helena Bland.

A CORNISH CHORUS

THERE's a song from the earth upspringin'
To the music of hammer an' drill ;
'Tis sung by the wheals an' quarries
An' streams where the claypits fill.
St. Austell an' Camborne know it,
Delabole, Lank, Penryn ;
'Tis the song of the clay an' granite,
Copper an' slate an' tin.

There's a song from the sea upspringin'
To the music of sails an' sheets ;
'Tis sung in the ports an' harbours
An' fishy old twisty streets.
Padstow an' Newlyn know it,
An' lil' ports call to the great
The song of the pilchard an' herrin',
Halibut, conger, an' skate.

There's a song from the fields upspringin',
To the music of harrow an' hoe ;
'Tis glad with the hope of harvest
When the west wind bugles blow.
Calstock an' Callington know it,
It rolls to Whitsand Bay,
'Tis the song of the wheat an' barley,
Clover an' oats an' hay.

The music fits together
As the songs roll up an' down,
An' 'tis makin' a CORNISH CHORUS
From Cawsand to Sennen Town ;
It rises from port an' harbour,
By Tre an' Pol an' Pen,
An' the Cornish skies are ringin'
With the Chorus of Cornishmen.

SOME OF THE CHOIR

OUR ORGANIST

A WUNNERFUL woman be Mrs. Trefrew,
Managin' all the things she do,
Bein' passun's wife an' organist too.

For she've her house an' her fowls to tend,
An' passun's things to tidy an' mend,
An' most of his money to help to spend.

When folks fall sick she lends a hand
With things she'm clever to understand ;
An' Tuesdays helps with the Sewin' Band.

Then every Wednesday she'm about
Districk visitin' in an' out,
With cheerin' words for them in doubt.

On Friday evenin' choir she takes ;
An' allays Saturday mornin' makes
Passun's perticler Sunday cakes.

But when I sets in my Sunday pew,
An' looks at the organ an' Mrs. Trefrew,
'Tis most I wonder at what she do.

Her hands go travellin' over the keys,
An' her feet give the billies a hearty squeeze,
An' the organ roars like thunderin' seas.

II

Then the storm goes down, an' the fierce wind
drops ;
An' she makes a music with put-home stops
Like a murmurin' stream in a shady copse.

An' then in the Psalms she answers true ;
But her hands an' the billies be ready too,
So the " Amen " comes when it ought to do.

An' there isn' a hymn she doesn' know,
An' her eyes an' her hands an' her feet all go,
An' she sings up high, an' she plays down low.

So when I sets in my Sunday pew
Thinkin' of all she belongs to do,
I sez to myself, " Mrs. Trefrew,
Passun's wife an' organist too ! "

PASSUN

Tho' strangers may reckon our passun be prosy,
An' think he'm a mortal poor hand at a text,
An' say how his " Secondly " sends 'em all dozy,
An' " Finally, brethren " ought to come next,
We knows more o' passun than any o' they,
An' count more his doin's than what he do say.

Whenever he gets in the pulpit o' Sunday
We looks in his face an' we knows he'm a
dear ;
He don't keep his praichin' o' kindness for one
day,
For he'm like a sermon as lasts all the year ;
So weekdays you'll find him about an' around,
A cheerin' the sick folks an' helpin' the sound.

He'm tender an' gentle along to a chris'nin' ;
At weddin's he've smiles for the man an' the
maid ;
A-buryin' sends his eyes wistful an' glistenin',
Altho' he do say " 'Tis to rest they be laid."
He've allays a word that seems better than
prayers,
For, sad times an' glad times, we know that he
cares.

The childer run round him with looks bright an'
sunny,

An' give him a flower they picked in the lane ;
An' if they be ailin' his eggs an' his honey

Do soon send 'em happy an' smilin' again.
'Tis known how he of'en goes short on the shelf
With givin' out things as he wants for hisself.

So them as likes passuns to fright 'em with
thunder

An' bang on the Bible to keep 'em awake,
May reckon our passun not worth settin' under ;
But, sure, if they do 'tis the bravest mistake;
For he'm our dear pilot who guides us with love,
An' steers us along to the Harbour above.

LIFE SAVIN'

GRANNY TRESISE was tidy bad,
Awnly a question of ellum or oak.
All the doctor's trade she'd had
Couldn' do nothin'. Her end was spoke.

After the years she'd busied about,
Granny Tresise was goin' to rest.
Nothin' o' that was left in doubt
For Passun had been an' prayed his best.

Quiet she lay in her four-post bed
Bidin' the end that was bound to come,
Thinkin' o' them a long time dead
Waitin' to give her a welcome "Home."

All of a suddent she had the news
Brought along from her daughter Lou.
"Trouble was come. . . . No time to lose. . . .
An' Doctor's away to Old St. Kew."

Many a mother had Granny nursed
When her "expectin' " time was done,
An' now when Lou was bearin' her first
Here was Granny leavin' her lone !

"Take out my clo'es," sez Granny Tresise,
(Clo'es that was safely stowed away),
"Livin' means most for times like these,
Dyin' 'll do for another day."

Up she got an' down she stepped,
Put on her boots an' her bonnet too,
Gathered some useful things she kept,
An' went to tend to her daughter Lou.

.
"A boy, my dear," sez Granny Tresise,
Proud as a hen of a brood o' chicks.
"Did ever 'ee see such legs as these ?
An' look how he stretches hisself an' kicks."

Granny Tresise was tidy bad ;
Doctor had done with her. Passun too.
Physic an' prayers had left her sad,
But her new-come gran'son pulled her
through.

An' if she be takin' again to bed,
I hope she'll be hearin' some news from Lou
Will keep her about on her feet instead,
An' handy for helpin' with Number Two.

BILLY

'Tis lonesome for Billy when he comes in from
fishin'. . . .

He used to have a welcome an' a call.
His missus used to watch him beatin' into
harbour,
An' wave to him over the wall.

But now 'tis a cold hearth waitin' for Billy,
An' no bit o' breakfast ready there.
An' goin' in the kitchen he can't help a-mindin'
The silence an' the empty chair.

'Tisn' bad for Billy when he'm out along to
fishin'
With sheets to tend an' lines to heave an'
haul ;
An' down along to harbour we talk about the
newses
While we leans along the wall.

But 'tis lonesome for Billy when he comes in
from fishin'
An' stares at the chair by the wall.
There may be joy in heaven, but 'tis lonesome
for Billy.
Just silence an' sorrow. . . . That's all.

LAD'S LOVE

OLD Dan'l can tell 'ee more clever old yarns than
any one else I knows,
So I picks up my cap soon as school be done an'
down to the beach I goes,
An' he leans on his boat an' larns me things
that fishermen do to sea,
An' tells o' the tricks he used to play when he
was a nipper like me.

Old Dan'l can tell 'ee mos' terr'ble tales o' long
ago times to school,
An' how they was brave with the custiss then to
larn 'ee the golden rule ;
An' it seems as if boys an' schools an' all be
likely much the same,
For they wasn' much fond o' larnin' then, an'
much more fond of a game.

Old Dan'l can tell 'ee o' dameschool days ; but
dames was no use to him.
They knowed a brave lot as was vitty for maids
as mos' behaves proper an' prim ;
But when he was put to a schoolmaister's hands,
he sez (an' I reckon 'tis true),
He larned a good deal from the schoolmaister's
hands as he wasn' expectin' to.

Old Dan'l can tell 'ee o' skippin' school an'
choosin' the cliffs instead,
An' fillin' his pockets with seagulls' eggs in-
stead o' fillin' his head ;
An' how to the Port Quin pool he'd try if they
was sinkers or no,
For sinkers was good with bacon fried, but
bobbars was good to throw.

Old Dan'l can tell 'ee o' wunnerful things he've
seen in the faraway ports.
He've had a fine life findin' things for hisself,
an' not been contented with orts.
So I thinks, if Old Dan'l played truant from
school, an' growed up to be what he be,
That schoolin' bain't everything people pre-
tends, leastwise not for Dan'l an' me.

SUNDAY PRIDE

CAP'N BILLY LIBBY goes to chapel of a Sunday
Underneath a bowler hat that squeezes in his
head,
Lookin' like as if he wished the time would turn
to Monday,
An' he could wear his workin' clo'es an' lil'
cap instead.

Mrs. Billy Libby goes to chapel of a Sunday
Careful like because her boots be pinchy in
the toes ;
She've another handy pair to wear along to
Monday,
An' doesn' need to trouble how she steps
about in those.

Little Sonny Libby goes to chapel of a Sunday
Vitty in a proper suit an' collar round his
throat ;
Glad he'll be to get his jersey on again a Monday,
An' twist hisself about a bit, an' climb around
the boat.

Cap'n Billy Libby, in the chapel of a Sunday,
Kicks about his bowler hat down underneath
the seat.
His weskit buttons presses where he wears a
jersey Monday,
An' coat an' all together puts him in a proper
heat.

Mrs. Billy Libby, in the chapel of a Sunday,
Has to be pertickler not to crumple up her
skirt.

When she'm to the washin', which she counts
to do on Monday,
She've a dress for wearin' then that nothin'
couldn' hurt.

Little Sonny Libby, in the chapel of a Sunday,
Bain't allowed to fidget tho' his collar rubs
him sore.
Don't he feel it mortal good to leave it off a
Monday,
An' have a proper climb about the rocks along
the shore ?

But Cap'n Billy Libby goes to chapel of a
Sunday,
Mrs. Billy Libby an' Sonny Libby too.
Oh, don't it seem a pity they should all be
wantin' Monday
Jus' because the Sunday clo'es be clo'es that
doesn' do ?

JUDY

WHENEVER a full-rigged schooner comes
 Beatin' in from say,
Judy Tresise goes down along
 To wait her at the Kay,
An' asks the hands when they steps ashore,
 " Have ever 'ee heerd o' Tom Treore ? "

Some sez " No " an' shakes their heads.
 Others have knowed before
Judy Tresise come down along
 Askin' for Tom Treore.
They know she'm mazed with sorrow an' fret,
So they answers her gentle like, " Not yet."

They mind the time Tom took the tide
 An' the schooner sailed for say,
An' know how Judy in vain 'll wait
 For him to come to Kay.
But down at the Bar be waves that roar,
Could tell her the truth o' Tom Treore.

FISHERMEN

I HAD some good times with old Jack when I
was a lad,
Cruisin' around in the boat ;
Sometimes there wasn' a sign of a bite to be
had,
But we still kepted afloat
Hopin' an' hopin' an' feelin' the thrum on the
line,
Him mindin' his bit o' business, me mindin'
mine.

There wouldn' be more than a ha'porth o' talk¹
with old Jack,
Words wasn' much in his way ;
But he knowed when to take in a reef an' go
round on a tack,
So we just sailed the bay,
Heavin' an' haulin', each with a hand to a line,
Him mindin' his bit o' business, me mindin'
mine.

Jack's gone to heaven along with the angels to
walk ;
I work the boat now he'm gone ;
An' I hope as they found him a job where he
don't have to talk . . .

But, o' course, he'll meet John,
An' *He* was a fisherman! *He'll* set Jack up
with a line.
Him mindin' His bit o' business Jack'll do
fine. . . .
An' mebbe He'll mention to Peter o' me mindin'
mine !

HOCKEN'S STORE

HOCKEN'S STORE in Fore Street doesn' make a
show

With one lil' winder an' ketch kegs in a row ;
Strangers passin' down along would likely never
know

Hocken had a store at all.

But slip along the passage an' peep inside the
door,

Then you'll find a thousan' things you couldn'
see before

All set out on vitty shelves an' spreadin' round
the floor,

An' hangin' to the nails in the wall.

Hocken's Store in Fore Street keeps 'ee goin'
fine

With rope yarn, spiller hooks, tar an' turpentine ;
An' round about the rafters pots an' kettles
shine

Like a string o' moons in the sky.

An' if you want a pot o' paint to make the boat
look gay,

Or ketch to swab the canvas with to keep the
rot away,

Strawl along to Hocken's Store an' pass the
time o' day ;

Hocken keeps the best to buy.

Hocken down to Fore Street doesn' make a
show.

He'm somethin' like his winder with ketch kegs
in a row ;

But when you get inside him you soon begin to
know

Things that Hocken keeps in store.

For he've a tap o' wisdom an' he sets it runnin'
free ;

An' a proper stock o' comfort when there's
trouble long o' we ;

So don't be judgin' Hocken by the ketch kegs
you can see.

Step along an' look inside the door !

THE TWINS

THEY works the boat together, an' jolly old
bucks they be ;
There's Sammy, a lad o' seventy-nine, an' Billy
gone eighty-three.
They haven' no need to fish at all with plenty
o' store put by,
But they likes to keep the *Lizzie* afloat, an' I'll
tell 'ee the reason why.

They wouldn't be much in a gale o' wind a-
blowin' 'em inside out,
An' couldn' be sure in a suddent squall o'
gettin' the boat about ;
But when there's a breeze comes off the land
an' a safe-lookin' mornin' sky
They likes to keep the *Lizzie* afloat, an' I'll tell
'ee the reason why.

There's Billy can handle the hellum all right,
an' watches the wind along ;
An' Sammy can stretch the mains'l taut an' haul
at the halyards strong ;
An' whether they catches the fish or no, it
passes a mornin' by,
An' they likes to keep the *Lizzie* afloat, an' I'll
tell 'ee the reason why.

We helps a bit to the lanchin' time with puttin'
the ballast aboard,
An' when the old wind gets up at night we
looks how the *Lizzie's* moored ;
An' tho' 'tis little they brings to port they will
be havin' a try,
For they likes to keep the *Lizzie* afloat, an' I'll
tell 'ee the reason why.

Years ago they loved a maid, an' quarrelled
an' went to say ;
An' when they came again to port the maid had
past away.
There wasn' no quarrellin' after that ; an',
mindin' o' days gone by,
They likes to keep the *Lizzie* afloat. An' I've
telled 'ee the reason why.

SMOOTH SAILIN'

OLD Jimmy Pethick gets a 'lowance from his
sister,
So he follers fishin' when he thinks he will ;
He've no need to worrit when the weather turns
dirty,
An' no need to shiver when the wind blows
chill.

When we've the pots out an' hopin' for a
lobster,
Wind, rain, an' ground say mos'ly comes
along ;
Scat go the moorin' corks, gear an' all goes
under :—
But Jimmy needn' trouble however things go
wrong.

Then to the herring time in bitter blowin'
weather,
His sheets bain't froze like ours in the boat ;
But he've two blankets an' a mattress under-
neath 'em,
An' needn' start a-bailin' to keep hisself
afloat.

Last year he lunched when May was mos'ly
over,
An' caught one mack'rel an' a cold in his
chest ;

Then he went to buy hisself a shillin'sworth o'
brandy,
An' hauled his boat ashore again an' took a
season's rest.

Over the Slip he've a brave room to bide in,
Cosy an' snug when the rain drives strong;
There he can set whenever he've a mind to,
Prayin' for his sister all day long.

What'll come to Billy when he doesn' get his
'lowance?
An' how will he manage when his sister goes?
Nobody can tell 'ee. But he'm sailin' smooth
at present,
An' *I* shouldn' mind his 'lowance when the
old wind blows.

THE BUTCHER

I CAN'T abide old Bray the butcher, not since
 he've married again,
With his fat red face an' his old bald head an'
 his nose turned up so plain ;
He've married a maid from Wadebridge way,
 vitty an' young an' sweet,
An' set her about in his fly-buzz shop 'long o'
 the bits o' meat.

She've hair the colour of harvest wheat that
 the sun turns all to gold,
An' I've heerd him callin' her " Rose, my dear."
 Him !—fat—red—bald—an' old !
The flickets play in an' out her cheeks, an' her
 eyes look wonderin'-wise,
An' he've put her there ! HE'VE PUT HER
 THERE ! in the middle o' meat an' flies !

She ought to be out in the sunny fields under
 the summer sky,
With the song o' birds an' the scent o' flowers
 an' a cool breeze blowin' by ;
She ought to be out where the harebells swing,
 dancin' the tune they make,
Not hidden away with sides o' beef, an' messin'
 her hands with steak.

I reckon she'm scairce so old as me, an' her
hair's a crown o' gold !
An' Bray the butcher is ugly an' fat ; fat an'
ugly an' old.
An' it makes me swear to see her there with
him ; an' he looks so vain !
No. I can't abide old Bray the butcher, not
since he've married again.

SAVIN'

TOMMY ROSCARROCK be savin', savin',
Savin' every day ;
He larned how to do it long years ago
An' can't get out o' the way,
So his mind be set on the price o' things,
An' askin' " How will it pay ? "

He doesn' belong to chapel or church
Because they pass the plate,
So I reckon his pockets 'll bulge a bit
When he comes to Peter's Gate,
If ever he happens to get so far,
Carryin' so much weight.

But Tommy Roscarrock goes savin', savin',
Savin' more an' more,
Addin' a lil' bit here an' there
An' makin' a mort o' store ;
But I reckon he'm savin' sorts o' things
He bain't a bargainin' for.

O Tommy Roscarrock you'm losin', losin'
Things worth more than gold ;
Friends an' happiness, peace an' joy,
An' comfort when you'm old.
An' what'll we put on your monnymment
When you'm in the mould ?

Something like this: "THOMAS ROSCARROCK,
BORN IN THE PARISH. . . . DIED
NINETEEN HUNDRED . . . whatever it is."
An' nothin' at all beside.
Is it for this you'm savin', savin' ?
Where do treasure abide ?

REST

" ONE by one," sez Old Joe Gard,
Diggin' in the lone churchyard,
" Journeyin' ended, trouble done,
Here they'm gatherin' one by one.

" Twice o' Sundays many a year
I have rung to call them here.
Now their callin' time be done,
Here they'm gatherin' one by one.

" Here I work my pick an' spade
In the garden Death has made,
Puttin' in the moulderin' bones,
An' raisin' up a crop o' stones.

" Passun talks about a day
When the stones will fall away,
An' the dead alive will come
Risn' up from every tomb.

" That will be a sight o' fear
With the stones that's gathered here !
In the muddle o' the stones
Who will know their proper bones ?

" Still I reckon, if there's doubt
God will know to sort them out.
Just at present 'tis the best
I should put them here to rest.

" One by one we get the call,
We must answer, one an' all.
Someday when my work is done
I shall have to be the 'one.'

" Over by the west'ard wall
Where the sun don't shine at all,
Lies a lad I used to know
Back to schooldays long ago.

" He was mortal fond o' days
When the sun was all a-blaze.
Now he'm by the west'ard wall
Where the sun don't shine at all.

" When my buryin' bell be tolled
An' I'm put below the mould,
I be hopin' sun will shine
On the place they choose for mine.

" Then the lil' flowers will creep
Over where I lie asleep ;
An' when summer comes around
Sprinkle petals on the ground.

" Then, maybe, along to spring
I shall dream they'm blossomin' ;
An' in summer when they blow
Maybe, somehow, I shall know."

SOME OF THE SONGS

" HUSH, MY HANSUM "

" HUSH, my hansum, hush, my dear,
Mother is holdin' 'ee, don't 'ee fear ;
Daddy is out along over the sea,
Toilin' for my lil' hansum an' me ;
But Daddy will come with the mornin' tide
Home along, home where his best things do
bide.

Sleep, my hansum, sleep, my dear,
Mother is holdin' 'ee, don't 'ee fear.

" Hush, my hansum, hush, my dear,
Mother is mindin' 'ee, don't 'ee fear.
Dimsey comes quietly over the sea,
Hangin' the curtains for hansum an' me ;
Angels are lightin' their lamps in the sky,
So they can see where my hansum do lie.
Sleep, my hansum, sleep, my dear,
Mother is mindin' 'ee, don't 'ee fear.

" Sleep, my hansum, sleep, my dear,
Mother is lovin' 'ee, don't 'ee fear.
Now you'm so tiny, but someday I know
Out in the world like a man you must go ;
But tho' we'm far as the broad seas apart,
I shall be holdin' 'ee still to my heart.
Sleep, my hansum, sleep, my dear,
Mother is lovin' 'ee, don't 'ee fear.
Sleep, my hansum, sleep."

MOTHER'S SON

" JIMMY, you'm a limb ; an' there doesn' seem
no end
To the times you tear your trowsis, an' the
holes I have to mend ;
Your boots be through in no time with the way
you runs about,
Or else you say they pinches an' you wants to go
without."

(But lil' son o' mine, in my heart I'm sayin'
Glad I be to see you growin' strong with playin' ;
I reckon I should worrit if you started sittin'
still,
So you'll have to tear your trowsis if you wants
to . . . *an' you will.*)

" Jimmy, you'm a limb, an' I've told 'ee not to
climb
Round about the Slipway where you tumbles
every time !
An' if you break yourself to bits, you'll want
the doctor's trade,
An' that'll mean a tidy bill ; an' how can bills
be paid ? "

(But lil' son o' mine, in my heart I'm sayin'
" Bless his lil' brave heart, sturdy at his playin'."
I shouldn't be contented with him lookin'
whisht an' ill,
So he'll have to climb the Slipway if he wants
to . . . *an' he will.*)

“ Jimmy, you’m a limb, an’ your father minds
it too,
Tho’ I know ’tis him you copies in the things he
has to do ;
But you shouldn’ mix his brushes when he’m
paintin’ up the boat,
An’ go wipin’ painty fingers on your trowsis an’
your coat.”

(But lil’ son o’ mine, in my heart I’m prayin’
When you’m grown a man an’ have done with
playin’,
That you’ll be strong an’ steady, an’ brave an’
busy still,
An’ remember how your mother allays loves ’ee
. . . *an’ you will.*)

A SONG O' SAILIN'

MACK'REL's scairce, there bain't a bite in the
bay ;

I don't care so long as I'm sailin' away.

Bill Hicks worrits : he've got childer to feed.

Old Tom growls : he'm a bitter old weed.

Dick looks grim : he be savin' to wed.

Jack don't trouble : he'm gone home to
bed.

But while the breeze blows stiddy acrost the
bay

I'm for sailin', sailin', sailin' away.

Mack'rel's scairce, an' never a bite in the bay,
So most alone I go sailin' away.

Over the heavin' billows dancin' high,

Makin' the shy shags dive an' the young
gulls fly,

Fittin' a tune to the gurgle the bow sends
back,

Swoopin' along with the swell on the home-
ward tack,

Catchin' the rainbow flash in the fallin' spray

I go sailin', sailin', sailin' away.

Mack'rel's scairce, but a brave breeze blows in
the bay,

So I don't care, I go sailin' away.

Tummals o' fish 'll be caught to-morrow,
mebbe,
Plenty for Bill an' Dick an' Jack an' me,
An' biddin' along to the beach 'll tumble
down
Till mack'rel's sellin' a hunderd for half a
crown ;
I don't care. Sure, 'tis enuff to-day
Just to be sailin', sailin', sailin' away.

AT MADRON WELL

AT Madron Well there lived a Saint,
Long years ago ;
An' folks whose health was tidy bad,
An' them with spirits low an' sad,
Brought gifts to gain a saintly spell
From old St. Madron at the Well
Long years ago.

I counted all the saints had gone
Long years ago,
Until I wandered Madron way
To pass an idle bit o' day,
An' looked around to find the Well
Where old St. Madron laid the spell
Long years ago.

I met a maid an' asked her where,
Long years ago,
The Saint had dealt in doctors' trade
An' all the whisht folks happy made.
"If you will come," the maid replied,
"I'll show you where the Saint did bide
Long years ago."

We found the Well the Saint had blessed
Long years ago ;
An' when she dipped the water up
An' smilin' offered me the cup,
I knew the spell was livin' on
Altho' the ancient Saint had gone
Long years ago.

So I don't mind if Madron died
 Long years ago ;
For little maids with sunny ways
Be saints enough to bless our days.
An' when they into women grow
They'm somethin' more than saints, I know

Oh ! I know,
 I've found it so.
Mebbe *you* learned it long ago.

OUR BAND

IN Phil Blake's barn we holds our Band
At six' o' Saturday nights,
An' all to a reg'lar plan we stand
In a ring o' lantern lights.
An' folks straws in an' sets around
Among the straw an' hay
To hear how music best do sound
An' guess the tunes we play.
There's Bandmaster Blewett a-blowin' in the
flute,
A-noddin' with his head an' tappin' with his
boot ;
An' Old Tom Bradshaw bangin' on the drum
Vitty to send 'ee to Kingdom Come ;
An' there's Bill Polgreen plays the cornet fine
With crotchety bits in every line ;
While lil' Willie Blake keeps goin' on his own,
Workin' up an' down with the big trombone.
So if you've a mind for music grand,
Come along o' Saturdays an' hear our Band.

We needs to keep to practisin'
Against the time we goes
All round about to garden fêtes
An' suchlike sort o' shows.
An' so we gathers o' Saturday nights
An' spreads around the score,
An' sets to work by the lantern lights,
An' does the reppytore.

An' there's Bandmaster Blewett a-blowin' in
the flute,
A-noddin' with his head an' tappin' with his
boot ;
An' Hezekiah Rundle a-puffin' out his chest,
As don't look very pleasant, but he'm doin' of
his best.
So if you've a mind for somethin' grand,
Come along o' Saturdays an' hear our Band.

When harvest all be gathered in
Our Chris'mus tune we start,
An' " Hark, the herald angels sing "
We learns to play by heart ;
So when 'tis safe in every head
We makes our Chris'mus bright
By playin' round to folks in bed
To cheer 'em thro' the night.
An' there's Bandmaster Blewett a-blowin' in
the flute,
A-noddin' with his head an' tappin' with his
boot ;
An' Tom Tregenza's Billy with his whistle wants
to try,
As baint no good at present, but he will be
by-an'-by.
So if you've a mind for somethin' grand,
Come along o' Saturdays an' hear our Band.

We'm not so bad with "The Maiden's
Prayer"
An' "Tommy look round the Shelf,"
An' we'm tryin' an' "Ancient Cornish Air"
Bob Blewett made up hisself;
But if you wants to hear our best
As makes the old barn ring,
Just wait until we'm done the rest,
An' then "God save the King."
For there's Bandmaster Blewett a-blowin' in
the flute,
A-noddin' with his head an' tappin' with his
boot;
An' old Tom Bradshaw bangin' on the drum
Vitty to send 'ee to Kingdom Come.
An' Bill Polgreen with his extry twisty bit,
An' Hezekiah Rundle a-lookin' like a fit,
While lil' Willie Blake keeps goin' on his own,
Workin' up an' down with the big trombone;
So if you've a mind for somethin' grand,
An' the pruttiest music of any in the land,
Come along o' Saturdays an' hear our Band.

“ NEWS ! ”

NEWS ! News ! Have 'ee heerd the news
From old Joe Honey at the Ferry ?

There's to be a weddin' in a month or two,
Clatterin' o' bells an' a big to-do.
Maids 'll be a-starin' at a blushin' bride,
Lads'll be a-lookin' how the knot be tied.
Old Joe sez so an' he tells true
Do old Joe Honey at the Ferry.

New ! News ! All the latest news
From Old Joe Honey at the Ferry !

Lads 'll be a-wishin' for a chance to go
Up in front o' passun in a month or so ;
Maids 'll be a sighin' when the banns be read
Thinkin' o' the likely lad they might have wed.
Old Joe tells an' it must be so
From Old Joe Honey at the Ferry.

News ! News ! Would 'ee know the news
From old Joe Honey at the Ferry ?

Would 'ee know the lad who be goin' to wed ?
Would 'ee know the maid who have lost her
head ?

'Tis old Mrs. Beckerley as keeps the store,
She've been a widder thirty year an' more.
Who'm she a-marryin' ? That's soon said.
'Tis old Joe Honey at the Ferry !

TRAVELLER'S JOY

THERE's a road as runs to the harbour
As comes from the market town ;
'Tis a noisy old track in summer
With traffickin' up an' down ;
Buses an' carts an' waggons
Rattle an' rumble by,
An' shops buzz over with business
An' jowsters call an' cry.

But I know a quiet road that winds away
Down thro' the valley where shadows stay ;
An' tired with the busy road 'tis good to come
Back to the lil' road, the lil' road home.

The road as runs to the harbour
Has plenty o' dust to spare,
So there isn' much chance for flowers
To blossom in beauty there,
For the traffickin' dulls them over
With a dusty coat o' grey,
An' the buds be scarcely open
Before they fade away.

But I know a quiet road where flowers grow
sweet
'Longside the stream an' the old Mill leat ;
Bright be the eyes they shine when I come
Back to the lil' road, the lil' road home.

The road as runs to the harbour
Be useful, likely enuff
For travellin' in to market
An' buyin' an' sellin' stuff ;
An' it sometimes seems to be singin'
A kind of a dusty song,
As the buses an' carts an' waggons
Rumble an' creak along.

But I know a quiet road peaceful an' dear,
Down thro' the valley where a stream runs
clear,
An' after the busy road 'tis best to come
Back to the lil' road, the lil' road home.

CHERRY TIME

WHEN 'tis cherry time in Calstock Town
Clatter go the tongues in the trees ;
Merry go the maidens up and down
All so busy as bees.
Lads set the ladders for the maids to climb,
Childer pick the falls below ;
'Tis all hands wanted at the cherry time
For that's how the gatherin's go.

An' 'tis " Here, Jack, set the ladder steady,"
An' " Here, Joe, I be waitin' ready " ;
Red cherries,
Black cherries,
All come down,
When 'tis merry cherry time in Calstock Town.

When the maids go gatherin' above
What think the lads below ?
Mebbe o' cherries, mebbe o' love,
That's how the gatherin's go.
Maids' lips red as cherries on the stem
Seemin' sweet an' true,
Set lads longin' for the taste o' them,
An' wantin' to be gatherin' too !

For 'tis " Here, Jack, set the ladder steady,"
An " Here, Joe, I be waitin' ready."
 Red cherries,
 Black cherries,
 All come down,
When 'tis merry cherry time in Calstock Town.

THE KNIFE-GRINDER

FROM old St. Ives to Saltash Town
I tramp the Duchy up an' down,
An' where I go I allays find
A plenty of old knives to grind,
An' so I go a-grindin' knives
From Saltash Town to old St. Ives.

"Knives to grind," is all my song,
"Knives to grind" the whole day long.
Under skies that smile or frown,
Sometimes up an' sometimes down,
Still I go an' still I find
Knives to grind an' knives to grind.

My barrow, which is shop an' store
I've pushed a thousan' miles an' more
On every road that I can find
That gives me any knives to grind ;
For 'tis what I was made to do,
As likewise was my barrow too.

"Knives to grind."

The folks who listen when I call,
Bring out their knives both great an' small ;
An' some be blunt with ruddy rust,
An' some be grimed with dirt an' dust ;
'Tis then we makes the sparks to fly,
My treadle-wheel, my stone an' I.

"Knives to grind."

Sometimes my stone do seem to me
So like the world as it can be.
For knives get worn on edge an' face,
An' new knives come to take their place ;
But soon the new knives thin be ground,
An' so the world goes round an' round.

“ Knives to grind ! ”

MOTHER'S ORDERS

" DON'T 'ee forget now, will 'ee ? 'Tis candles
from Hocken's Store,
An' a gerty puddin' from Saundry, the size as
they was before,
A yard o' they pinky ribbons they sells to Mr.
Hicks !
An' a ha'penny over for you, son, to buy some
sugar-sticks."

" Don't 'ee forget now, will 'ee ? You'm goin'
long ways, my son,
An' you'll find the world will show 'ee how
whisht old things be done ;
But don't 'ee belong to do nothin' you'd mind
your mother to see,
For her will be thinkin' about 'ee, an' sendin'
up prayers for 'ee."

" Don't 'ee forget now, will 'ee ? " Her words
speak loud in my mind ;
An' I don't forget, an' I can't forget, she was
so lovin' an' kind.
She'm gone where no more I can see her, but
I'm mindin' her orders yet,
An' I'm hopin' to say when I meet her, " Mother,
I didn' forget."

THE SONG OF THE "LUCY LEE"

IN nineteen hundred and noughty nought
The good ship *Lucy Lee*
Bid "Good-bye to Plymouth Port,"
And sailed away to sea, O,
And sailed away to sea.
The captain's wife waved from the Hoe,
And the mate's wife waved from the road below ;
But the ship-boy's mother went down to the quay,
And waved as hard as hard could be
When the little ship-boy sailed out to sea
In the good ship *Lucy Lee*, O,
In the good ship *Lucy Lee*.

IN nineteen hundred and noughty one
The good ship *Lucy Lee*
Far away from Plymouth Port
Was sailing on the sea, O,
Was sailing on the sea.
And the captain's wife and the mate's wife, too,
Both went on like they always do ;
But the ship-boy's mother would often be
Wandering down along the quay
Hoping a little ship-boy to see,
And the good ship *Lucy Lee*, O,
And the good ship *Lucy Lee*.

IN nineteen hundred and noughty two,
The good ship *Lucy Lee*

Came again to Plymouth Port
Sailing in from sea, O,
Sailing in from sea,
And the captain's wife said, " Tea for two " ;
And the mate's wife said " An' how be you ? "
But the ship-boy's mother was down on the quay
And kissed him as hard as hard could be
When the little ship-boy came home from sea
In the good ship *Lucy Lee*, O,
In the good ship *Lucy Lee*.

Oh ! nineteen hundred and noughty two,
And the good ship *Lucy Lee*
Home again in Plymouth Port
From sailing on the sea, O,
From sailing on the sea !
The captain had his tea for two,
And the mate his supper of mutton stew ;
But it seems to me I'd rather be
The little ship-boy of the *Lucy Lee*
With a mother waiting to welcome me
When I came home from sea, O,
When I came home from sea.

" SALE TO-DAY "

" SALE TO-DAY " the bill do say up to High
Treore ;

You can see it stickin' there on the cottage
door ;

For Mrs. Tonkin won't be wantin' furnicher no
more

Now she'm past away.

Since her man went she have lived to High
Treore alone ;

Now she'm gone they'm sellin' up what nobody
do own ;

That'll pay for buryin' an' maybe raise a stone,
So the bill do say.

Mr. Rowe the auction man 'll come from Bodmin
Town ;

He'm a clever one to talk an' knock the hammer
down ;

He can make 'ee think a plate be worth a half a
crown

When it isn't true.

Sometimes I have heerd him sellin' round to
sales before,

An' when he sez " Antikities " they allays cost
'ee more ;

But if there's old antikities along to High Treore
I know what to do.

Still, there's things I'm wantin' if the prices
bain't too high.
Our old barrel leaked a bit last summer when
'twas dry,
An' Mrs. Tonkin had some cups I shouldn't
mind to buy
'Cos they'm blue like mine.
The ornaments I reckon ought to fetch a tidy
bit,
'Specially the arch o' glass with peaches under it ;
But I must think o' useful things like somewhere
safe to sit—
Her chairs would suit me fine !

Mrs. Honey (so she sez) have settled in her head
She've to buy the table an' the old four-poster
bed ;
I shouldn' be surprised to see her have the clock
instead,
Or carry home the pail.
An' there's a picture of a ship with all her canvas
set,
A sailin' on a bluer sea than any sailor met,
'Tis just the picture Mrs. Tabb have often tried
to get
Since her son did sail.

Folks 'll come from miles around along to High
Treore,
Crowdin' all the kitchen up an' squeezin' round
the door ;

Carts 'll wait along the lane, as like as not a score,
To take the things away.
Still, I think I'd better go an' see what I can do
To help towards the buryin' an' set the stone
up too,
An' maybe get the barrel an' a chiny cup or two
At the "Sale To-day."

THE WINDER-SEAT

I LIKE to set in the winder-seat an' watch the
folks go by,
An' look at the far-off strip o' sea where it seems
to touch the sky :
An' I like to see the boats come in 'long o' the
wind an' tide,
An' the flutterin' gulls go wheelin' round above
them where they ride.

I like to set in the winder-seat when summer
noon be still,
An' full o' the scent o' lovely flowers 'long on
the windersill ;
For soon as the sun goes slantin' west it peeps
around the door,
An' spreads the patterns o' flowers about in
sunshine on the floor.

I like to set in the winder-seat an' see the sun to
rest,
An' watch the golden glory die to the last low
streak in the west.
An' I love to hear the quiet come when dark-
ness spreads about,
An' see the lights in the lil' homes sweetly
twinklin' out.

An' when the evenin' lamp goes dim an' sleep
is not so far,
Once more I creep to the winder-seat an' peep
at a friendly star ;
An' over the sea it smiles at me a comfortin'
kindly light,
An' I give it a farewell sort o' nod, an' say to the
star " Good-night."

THE CUT O' THE JIB

" Did ever 'ee see such a skinny-go-lean ? " sez
old Bob Lobb to me,
Lookin' at Peter Rowe go down, makin' away
to sea.

" He'm thin as a rake, an' no mistake.
'Tis lucky I bain't like he."

" Did ever 'ee see such a blubbery lump ? " sez
Peter Rowe to me,
Pointin' across at old Bob Lobb lazin' along
the quay.

" He'm round as a sack in front an' back.
What a terrible state to be ! "

" Did ever 'ee such see a funny old pair ? " sez
I to myself an' me,
Lookin' at Peter Rowe an' Bob arguin' on the
quay.

" An' both be quite so sure they'm right
As ever a man can be."

But after they'd argued about a bit they came
along the quay,
An' asked me to settle 'em which was best ?
An' I looked at 'em both to see.
An' I sez in the ear of each " My dear
'Tis best to be as you be."

Away they went an' quite content, for all they
 didn' agree,
An' laughed an' chaffed each other again, down
 along the quay.
 But I reckon for sure they'd like it more
 If they was made proper, like me.

A CHRIS'MUSSY PRESENT

SENNEN COVE, CHRISTMAS DAY, 1917

" WHAT would 'ee have for a Chris'mussy present ? " " Any old thing that comes ;
A ten-year turkey terr'ble tough or puddin'
without any plums."

" Then what would 'ee say to the Chris'mussy
present came into Whitsand Bay,
Twenty-one thousan' bass in a shoal, all on a
Chris'mus Day ! "

" 'Twas heave out an' haul a-way,
Here's a present for Chris'mus Day !
Thousan's o' bass an' thousan's more
Took in the nets an' hauled ashore.
Here's a catch to make 'ee gay
An' a proper old present for Chris'mus
Day."

" You should ha' seen where the shoal was
landed, spreadin' about on the sands !
You should ha' been there down along Sennen.
Lor' ! they could do with some hands !
Jowsters came crowdin' around in their dozens
ready with creels an' with carts,
An' 'twas plenty o' Chris'mussy money for
Sennen an' plenty o' Chris'mussy hearts."

“ With a haul in an’ carry away,
Here’s a present for Chris’mus Day !
Thousan’s o’ bass an’ thousan’s more
Sellin’ at fifteen shillin’ a score.
Here’s a catch to make ’ee gay
An’ a proper old present for Chris’mus Day.”

“ Pawling an’ Nicholas over to Newlyn packed
’em in boxes by scores ;
You might ha’ noticed what Penzance was
fryin’ out along over the moors.
An’ now when the Sennen men meets at the
Capstan you’ll often be hearin’ em’ say,
‘ That was a proper old Chris’mussy present all
on a Chris’mus Day.’ ”

“ ’Twas heave out an’ haul away,
Here’s a present for Chris’mus Day !
Thousan’s o’ bass an’ thousan’s more
Sellin’ at fifteen shillin’ a score !
That was a catch to make ’ee gay,
An’ a proper old present for Chris’mus
Day.”

A CORNISH COURTIN'

(JENNY AND JOE)

I. MY POSY

WHEN Jenny was a lil' maid she used to seem to
me
To be most like a poppy, so brave an' bright to
see ;
She danced with all the breezes, an' smiled up
to the sun,
But the poppy couldn' beat her cheeks when
she was at her fun.

When Jenny grew a bigger maid she used to
seem to me
To be most like a violet, so sweet an' shy to
see ;
She loved the shady quiet ways an' walked them
quiet-wise,
An' the violet was nothin' to the sweetness of
her eyes.

Now Jenny be a proper maid ; an' now she
seems to me
To be most like the finest rose as ever I did see ;
So proud an' sweet she looks, so like a rose in
every part,
Oh ! sure, I want this rose to wear for always on
my heart.

II. THE LOOKS OF HIM

ROUND about the farmways anywhere I go,
Somehow, somewhere, I'm allays meetin' Joe.
He sez "'Tis wet," or sez "'Tis fine," whichever
it may be;
But 'tisen' what he sez, like, 'tis how he looks at
me.

When I went to market Joe came down the
road ;
Then he took my basket, tho' 'twasn' any load.
He sez "I hear that butter be risin' one-an'-
three";
But 'tisen' what he sez, like, 'tis how he looks at
me.

Out o' chapel Sunday I came with all the rest ;
Joe was by the pathway in his Sunday best.
He smiled an' took his watch out, "'Tis awnly
seven," sez he,
But 'twasn' what he said, like, 'twas how he
looked at me.

III. ONE LIL' WORD

ONE lil' word I wants, Jenny,
One lil' word 'll do,
For I know what you sez you'm meanin'
Because you looks so true.
Your eyes a'most sez what I wants, Jenny;
Couldn' your lips say it too ?

One lil' word I wants, Jenny,
To make my joy complete,
To turn my heart to a hammer,
An' put brave wings to my feet ;
An' no other word on your lips, Jenny,
Could sound a half so sweet.

One lil' word I wants, Jenny ;
Couldn' you try to guess ?
If you whispers it low an' quiet
I sha'n't be mindin' it less ;
An' so as you'll know for sartin,
The one lil' word be " Yes."

IV. TELLIN' TRUE

I

" HE loves me, he don't; he'll marry me, he
won't; he would if he could, but he can't."

Countin' on the goose grass can't be tellin' true,
Some bits sez he don't love an' others sez he do,
So when I would be findin' how faithful love
can be

I bain't trustin' goose grass to tell the truth to
me.

II

" This year, next year, sometime, never."

Countin' out the plum-stones ringin' round the
plate

Bain't the bravest reason for settlin' on a date,
For when you come to " Next year " an' think,
for sure, you must,

You mebbe find 'tis " Never " below a bit o'
crust.

III

" Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, rich man, poor
man, beggar man, thief."

Marryin' a tinker might easy come to pass
If you trust to plum-stones or reckon on the
grass ;

But I bain't trustin' neither, not in the leastest
part,
For somethin' seems a-speakin' in the beatin' of
my heart,
An' I know 'tis gladness leapin' in the beatin' of
my heart.

V. DOWN THE LANE

Down the lane with Jenny I went a while ago,
When the hedge was starry with roses all a blow.
Jenny sez " Just bide a bit, I loves 'em lookin'
so,"

But I just stood a-lookin' at her face.

" Bain't they sweet ! " sez Jenny, " an' don't
they make 'ee know
There be bits of heaven sprinkled down below ?
Can 'ee tell me anything as makes a braver
show ? "

But I just stood a-lookin' at her face.

Down the lane with Jenny an' roses all a blow
'Twas sweet to see her smilin' an' dimples come
an' go,
An' when she asked her question I couldn' tell
her " No,"

So I just stood a-lookin' at her face.

" Bain't they sweet ! " sez Jenny, speakin' soft
an' low,
" An' pity 'tis they'm fragile an' quick to fade
an' go.
So don't 'ee dare to pick 'em. Best leave 'em
bide to blow."

But . . . I just took her lil' hand in mine !

VI. JENNY'S SONG

Just a lil' farm place,
Sure it ought to do
With a bit o' workin'
Brave an' fine for two.
One good cow for milkin',
Hens that's sure to lay,
Pigs that's bound to fatten
Fine for market-day.

Just a lil' farm place
With an orchard nigh
Billowy with blossom
When the spring goes by.
Allays brave an' busy
Gettin' thro' the day,
Sometimes churnin' butter,
Sometimes rakin' hay.

Just a lil' farm place,
After set o' sun
All so still an' quiet
With the workin' done.
Then along to dimsey,
Evenin' peace an' rest ;
Sure, a lil' farm place
Gives 'ee all the best.

VII. JENNY AN' JOE

Joe. " 'Tis like a dream come true, Jenny,
 To think I'm marryin' you,
 An' all so like a dream, Jenny,
 It seems it can't be true.
 But passun called us proper
 For every one to hear,
 An' now the day be settled
 An' quick 'tis drawin' near.
 But I bain't rich an' I bain't clever,
 An' marryin' lasts for ever an' ever.
 Why did 'ee lis'n to me, Jenny?
 Why did 'ee lis'n to me? "

Jenny. " Mebbe you made me lis'n, Joe,
 Because I liked to hear;
 An' what's the use o' money, Joe,
 If Love bain't by to cheer?
 An' as to bein' clever, lad,
 I likes you as you be,
 With just enuff o' cleverness
 To keep on lovin' me.
 For you'm kind an' you'm steady,
 An' marryin' means two hands ready,
 Mine for you an' yours for me,
 An' so, Joe, it had to be."

Both. " An' so it had to be."

Joe. " Won't it be a day, my dear! "

Jenny. " Won't it be a day! "

Joe. " You'll be lookin' sweet, my dear."

Jenny. " An' you'll be lookin' gay."

Jenny. } " Won't the {lads } be jealous, too,
Joe. } {maids }

Both. When they looks at me an' you !
Won't it be a day, my dear !
Won't it be a day ! "

Joe. " Ding, dong, the bells will go,
Ding, dong, for Jenny."

Jenny. " Ding, dong, the bells will go,
Ding, dong, for Joe."

Both. " Ding, dong. Ding, dong. Ding,
dong. Ding, dong.
Ding, dong. Ding, dong. Ding, dong.
Ding, dong.
Won't it be a day !!! "

WAR NOTES

"GINGER"

"WHERE'S Ginger?" sez the cap'n, after the ship went down;

"We can't afford to lose him; he'm much too good to drown."

"Where's Ginger?" sez Joe Honey, as belonged to be his mate.

"We'm bound to find him somewheres, he owes me one-an'-eight."

"Where's Ginger?" sez the bo'sun as we went cruisin' round;

But we couldn' get no answer to say he wasn' drowned.

An' the hours crawled on, an' the black o' the night went by,

An' dawn came creepin' slowly into the sky.

"There's Ginger," sez the bo'sun, "I can tell him by his head,

He'm swimmin' in his lifebelt, so the beggar isn' dead."

"'Tis Ginger," sez the cap'n, "an' livin', thank the Lord."

An' we brought the boat 'longside him, an' hauled him all aboard.

“ Aw, Ginger,” sez Joe Honey, “ I’m plaised to
see you, mate,
For I shouldn’ like to lose you . . . not to
mention one-an’-eight.”

“ Ginger for pluck,” we told him, an’ squeezed
him in the boat.

“ Ginger for luck,” he answered, “ ’twas my
hair kepted me afloat.”

.
*An’ the hours crawled on—an’ most of a day went
by. . . .*

An’ a patrol took us . . . an’ sent us below to dry.

.
“ Where’s Ginger now ? ” you’m askin’ ? “ An’
bain’t he had enough ? ”

Well, sailors isn’ *that* sort to shirk a bit o’ rough.
O’ course he’m still a-cruisin’. He’m proper
Cornish stuff.

WHEN JACK COMES BACK

WHAT will we do when Jack comes back ?
Shan't we be mortal glad !
Mother'll fluster an' flurry about
Nearly as mazed as Dad.
We won't be havin' a band around,
He've heerd a plenty o' they,
But, sure, he'll see by the looks o' we
Our faces shouts " Hooray."

I reckon we'll give him a banger feast
An' bring up the old arm-chair
In front of a roarin' fuzzen fire
An' settle him down right there.
An' without old words he'll understand
The things we want to tell
About the happiness in our hearts
At seein' him strong an' well.

Then he'll want a strawl by the harbour wall
To meet old friends again,
An' may see Molly, an' take a turn
Along Roscarrock Lane,
An' look at the green slope stretchin' down
To the silver fringe o' foam,
An' gather the quiet feel o' peace,
An' know for sure he'm home.

Shan't we be glad when Jack comes back ?

An' don't we pray for the day,
An' plan the things we reckon to do

To make him glad an' gay ?

An' tho' there's many with Jacks abroad

Wishin' an' wantin' 'em back,
They can't be gladder than we shall be
To welcome our boy Jack.

ON LEAVE

JACK came home with a bit o' leaf
An' a passel o' tales to tell ;
He'd let out his waist for more'n a reef,
An' his chest was all of a swell ;
An' he looked so tough as a conger-eel ;
Sakes ! he was lookin' well !

He strawled about a bit on the Kay
An' told us o' this an' that,
An' wunnerful clever old tricks to say
His cruiser had been at ;
But where his tack belonged to be
He wasn' for tellin' us that.

He spent a mornin' with Uncle Phil
Helpin' him ketch his sails,
An' an afternoon at Trevarthen's Mill
Tellin' 'em terr'ble tales,
An' sendin' Molly a whisht an' frit
O' the wild Nor-wester gales.

But home along he was just the same
As allays he used to be,
Reckonin' war as a bit of a game
An' hopin' sport to see ;
It made 'ee feel England was more'n safe
To look at him eatin' his tea.

An' now he'm gone . . . an' we don't know
where ;

But we gave him a " Wish 'ee well,"
An' a bundle o' useful things to wear
To keep him warm for a spell
While he'm cruisin' around in the dark o' nights
Huntin' the Huns to Heaven.

“ SOMEWHERE IN THE NORTH SEA ”

“ SOMEWHERE in the North Sea ” ;
‘Tisn’ much we know,
So we send him letters
c/o G. P. O.
Mother makes him stockin’s,
Father sends him smokes,
I go round the home ways
Gettin’ news o’ folks.

“ Somewhere in the North Sea ”
Don’t seem nowhere quite,
When you can’t do nothin’,
Awnly pray, an’ write.
When the wind comes howlin’,
Beatin’ at the door,
I be often wishin’
He was safe ashore.

“ Somewhere in the North Sea ”
Some one had to go
Darin’ death an’ danger
c/o G. P. O.
‘Tisn’ *them* we’m prayin’
Safely he may bide
Thro’ the lurkin’ dangers
Heavin’ on the tide.

“ Somewhere in the North Sea ”
Some do quiet rest.

“ Somewhere in the North Sea ”
He with life be blest.
God be kind to keep him
Safe along the foam ;
God be good to guide him
Back to peace an' home.

MOLLY'S SONG

THERE's a lil' white rose as grows in the lane
In the first spring days o' May,
An' because I be wantin' to see it again
I wish the old winter away.
For the lil' white rose means more to me
Than all o' the flowers I ever did see
In hedge an' garden an' field an' tree,
The lil' white rose in the lane.

O! the lil' white rose as grows in the lane
I'm longin' again to see,
For it shone one night in the dimsey plain
When Jack spoke sweet to me.
He gave me a rose an' he promised me true
To hurry back soon as his leave was due,
An' whispered "I'll allays be thinkin' o'
you,
My lil' white rose in the lane."

O! lil' white rose as grows in the lane
You'm mortal sweet to me,
For Jack'll be back when you'm bloomin' again,
An' 'tis him I wants to see.
So I'm wishin' the lingerin' winter away,
An' longin' an' longin' for rose-time an' May,
An' hopin' so soon I'll be hearin' him say,
"My lil' white rose in the lane."

THRO' THE NIGHT

WE used to get a light for him an' set it in the
winder,
So as he could see it when driftin' in the bay ;
He said as how he watched for it, an' thought of
us at home there,
An' how it cheered the long night away.

But now we dursn' let a gleam go creepin' from
the winder,
An' all in lonesome darkness he'm driftin' in
the Bay ;
'Tis brave an' glad we be when mornin' brings
him back to moorin's,
With the long, lonesome night past away.

Oh ! won't it be a glad time when lights again go
gleamin'
Out along the darkness to drifters in the bay,
An' mornin' sees a shinin' Peace come smilin'
'crost the water
With the long night o' War past away !

THE LITTLE SHIPS OF ENGLAND

'Tis well-an'-fine for the big ships with twenty
knots an' more,
With searchlights ready for spyin' an' guns to
spit an' roar.
Fast they can fly from horrors that creep in the
deep below,
An' when it comes to the fightin' can give back
blow for blow.

But who gives thought how the little ships
go
Trampin' the ocean to an' fro ?
Who gives thought that brave men ride
Darin' Death on every tide
In the brave little ships of England ?

'Tis proud we look to our big ships an' cheer
them on with praise,
While quiet an' most unnoticed the little ships
go their ways ;
But brave be the men that man them, an' ready
at Duty's call
To dare dark Death on the waters for the savin'
of us all.

But who gives thought how the little ships
go
Heavin' high an' rollin' low ?

Who gives thanks that brave men fling
Life away our life to bring
In the brave little ships of England ?

There's many a song o' the big ships to follow
them far an' wide
Over the rollin' waters on every track an' tide,
But who takes heed an' remembers the little
ships where they go
Conquerin' tide an' tempest, careless of lurkin'
foe ?

Then here's a song flung far an' wide
To every sea where little ships ride.
An' here's a cheer for the men who go
Fearless still of Fate or foe
In the brave little ships of England.

FEARS

WHEN the wind drives fierce in the winter
 'Tis good to put home the door,
An' well-an'-fine by the fireside
 To hear the ground say roar,
An' smile at the rage o' the billows
 Fightin' the rocky shore.

But there's sounds in the spindrift flyin'. . . .
 (" 'Tis only the gulls cryin' ")
Or is it men dyin'
 Where billows rage an' roar ?

When the squalls come quick in the winter
 Out of a starless sky,
'Tis good to be in the blankets
 An' easy an' cosy lie,
An' hear the cold rain beatin'
 An' the roarin' wind go by.

But there's sounds in the black night
 speakin', . . .
 (" 'Tis only the winder creakin' " . . .)
Or is it a sailor shriekin'
 A hopeless, drownin' cry ?

When the wintry squalls blow over
 An' the dull clouds go their way,

'Tis well-an'-fine to be watchin'
The long, long roll in the bay,
An' see how the flood-tide gathers,
An' the ebb runs hard away.

But there's sounds in the tides for
mindin'. . . .
(" 'Tis only the capstan windin')" . . .
Or is it dead bones grindin'
On rocks below the bay ?

THE OLD *VINDICTIVE*, R.I.P.

GREY and grim she took the tides and served in
the old sea ways,
And ever the banner of Freedom flew thro' un-
regarded days,
And England, happy in peace secure, rested in
quiet ease,
While wakeful watch and ward she kept along
the heaving seas.

She watched unsleeping where the far tides
sweep
And the nearer waters roar,
And her spirit called across the deep,
“ Here for Freedom my tryst I keep
Evermore.”

Twisted and torn with shot and shell and pat-
terned with marks of pride,
She summoned her strength for a last long call
and staggered away on the tide ;
No fury of fire could stay her course, she went
her destined way,
And sank to rest in her ocean grave, crowned
with the salt sea spray.

Her hulk lies sleeping where the far tides
sweep
And swirl by an alien shore,
But her spirit calls across the deep,
“ Here for Freedom my tryst I keep
Evermore.”

JOE

WHEN Joe was a nipper he cut green whistles
out o' the elder-wood,
An' if he wasn' no hand at a tune, leastways his
heart was good,
An' brave an' proper he marched along an'
played at the game o' war,
Like many an' many a boy had done before.

When Joe was a lad he went to farmin' an'
tendin' cattle an' sheep,
An' whissled about at work all day (an' might
ha' done in his sleep),
With health an' strength an' a maid to love he
found life good, for sure,
Like many an' many a lad had done before.

Joe marched away to the shrillin' o' fifes to play
the game o' war,
But his whistle was drowned in the screech o'
shells an' the thunderin' battle roar,
An' he found that 'twasn' no game at all, but
mud an' muck an' gore,
Like many an' many a lad had done before.

'Tisn' no use to be lis'nin' now for his whisslin'
ever again,
For tunes be done an' music dead an' buried
away in pain ;

An' his mother 'll weep a thousan' tears an' his
maid 'll cry in vain,
Like many a mother an' maid have done
before.

THE CHILDREN'S PRAYER

(IN TIME OF WAR)

GOD of Peace, enthroned afar,
We Thy little children are,
So we come in this our need
For Thy help in prayer to plead.

Help us that our hearts may be
Clean from hate and cruelty,
That when pride and passion cease
We may fight to bring Thy peace.

Give us courage when we fight
Battles for the truth and right ;
Arm us with Thy Spirit's sword,
Keen to keep the given word.

Give us strength to bear our load
Gladly on the roughest road,
That our bravery may bring
Comfort to the sorrowing.

Guide our feet that we may find
Paths that leave no pain behind,
But may ever onward press
To the lands of happiness.

God of Peace, enthroned afar,
Help Thy children in Thy war,
That the woes of war may cease
And Thy Kingdom come in Peace.

“ COME, GENTLE PEACE ”

COME, gentle Peace, with speed across the world,
And stay the strife where Death's dark bolts are
hurled,
Bearing a benediction in thy hands
For weary hearts in desolated lands.

Come, gentle Peace, and in thy tender breast
Comfort the lonely, give the weary rest ;
Bind up the wounds of sorrow and of pain,
And cast thy shadow where all tears are vain.

Come, gentle Peace, and quiet wings outspread
Over thine own serene, immortal dead ;
They vowed themselves to thee ; for thee they
died ;
And in their dying still to thee they cried,
“ Come, gentle Peace.”

EXILE SONGS

IN EXILE

THOUGHTS come up with the vagrant clouds
when the wind blows in from the west,
And I know there's a roar on the crag-backed
shore in the land that I love the best ;
And eyes look back to the winding track where
the fluttering foam-flakes fly,
And a whirl of wings thro' the sunshine sings as
the gulls go flashing by.
Stark and stern the sentinel crags stand out to
the battling sea,
That has launched its spears for unnumbered
years in vain for mastery ;
But its armour breaks to a thousand flakes as it
hurtles against the foe,
And its baffled roar rolls round the shore as the
broken battalions go.

Thoughts come up with the vagrant clouds as
the wind blows in from the west,
Clouds that have capped the Tors and wrapped
the mist around Tren Crom crest ;
And I know that the rain has gladdened again
the lane where the briony weaves,
And the hedges are cool and beautiful with the
shimmer of glistening leaves.

Scent of thyme on the upland blows, and thrift
to the cliff-side clings,
And the speedwell spies with dew-bright eyes
how gaily the foxglove swings :
Scents and sights of old delights on the west
wind blow to me,
And my heart turns west to the beauty and rest
and the land where I long to be.

TRAVELLING

“ PECKHAM RYE, Loughborough, Elephant,
St. Paul's,”

Every morning the porter bawls.
The train grinds out . . . and I gaze on lots
Of sad back gardens and chimney-pots,
Factory stacks and smoky haze
Showering smuts on the close-packed ways.
And the train jolts on and twists and crawls. . . .
“ Peckham Rye, Loughborough, Elephant,
St. Paul's.”

But, trapped and prisoned as I may be,
I lift a latch and my thoughts go free,
And once again I am running down
On a winding track from a Cornish town
And I dream the names of the stations
through—
“ Moorswater, Causeland, Sandplace, Looe.”

An ancient engine with puff nigh gone
Drags a couple of coaches on
Close where a stream runs all the way
Muttering music night and day ;
There isn't a porter about at all
To spoil the peace with a raucous bawl,
But a kind old guard to see me through,
Give me a ticket, and take it too.
The line twists down through patches sweet
Of soft green pasture and waving wheat

And the stream spreads out to a river wide
Where ships creep up at the turn of tide,
Till a tangle of spars on a blue sky spun
Gives me the sign of the journey done,
And I stand contented on the quay
And hear the surging song of the sea.

So runs the dreamlike journey through,
“ Moorswater, Causeland, Sandplace, Looe ” ;—
But every morning the porter bawls,
“ Peckham Rye, Loughborough, Elephant,
St. Paul’s.”

THE WOODLAND SPIRIT

SHE moved beneath the spring-sweet skies
With Beauty mirrored in her eyes,
And gathered from each bush and tree
The wonder and the mystery.

She gladdened at the graded green
Above the glittering hedgerow seen,
And caught the ecstasy that played
About the birch-branch when it swayed.

The gleaming gorse's beauty bold
She minted into fairy gold,
While oak and poplar, elm and fir,
Surrendered all their wealth to her.

She heard the aspen whisper "Hush,"
Where moved the wise wayfaring thrush,
And charmed the secret spell apart
Deep hidden in the bluebell's heart.

And where the sun with shadows played
And dappled all the gleaming glade
The arrowy sunbeams seemed to seek
For mark, the beauty of her cheek.

So all the woodland felt the stir
Of spirit at the touch of her,
And gave her back the peace that broods
Upon the woodland solitudes.

TIME, THE PACKMAN

I MET Old Time, the Packman,
Along a windy way,
With all Life's choice to chaffer
With those who had to pay.
And some for Fame would barter,
And some strove hard for gain,
And some were seeking pleasure
Altho' the price was pain.

I caught Old Time, the Packman,
As he was speeding by,
And bade him tell me truly
What gift was best to buy.
He answered, "Gold will tarnish,
And Fame unstable prove,
But if your heart be worthy
Then pay the price of Love."

I paid Old Time, the Packman,
The price he said was due ;
I took the best he offered,
And gave it all to you.
And tho' old Time has taken
His pack beyond recall,
I know he told me truly,
For "Love is best of all."

TREASURES

I HAVE found in my Lady many beautiful
things :

The dawn-glad song of the bird and its light,
quick flutter of wings,
And passionate joy in living a life that sings.

I have found in my Lady the ceaseless joy of the
sea,
Its rhythmic rise and fall bear her beauty to me,
And her glad heart leaps in a wavelike ecstasy.

I have found in my Lady the quiet peace of
woods,
The tender grace of the grass and the stately
solitudes,
And the whisper of leaves telling of secret moods.

But I have found in my Lady the finest things
to find :
An anchorage of peace in the haven of her mind,
And oh ! her heart is infinitely kind.

DAWN

GREY shadows stir along the shingly beach
While yet the watching stars are keen and
 bright ;
And little words of a half-sleepy speech
 Break up the dreams of night.

The ebbing tide goes seaward with a sigh,
And to the boats ripples a soft farewell,
Where they like slumbering deep-sea monsters
 lie
 Heaving along the swell.

A faint light glimmers over the western sea.
The stars, like tired watchers, creep away.
Eastward the sun in golden panoply
 Strides forth. 'Tis day !

SUNSET GOLD

I SAW a path that led away to the shrine of the
setting sun,
And every wave was a golden stair mounting
the purple sea ;
And flakes of fire flickered and fell as the feet of
Beauty spun
In a flaming dance of gleaming gold on a
glittering tapestry.

Low and lower the sun sank down to the far-off
shimmer of blue,
And golden flames like glittering spears tossed
on each golden stair,
And Beauty paced, with stately steps of colour,
a measure new,
To music made on the sighing shore, a wave-
washed wistful air.

The sun sank down, and the golden flames faded
and fell in the sea,
And the golden staircase rolled away to a
golden bourne in the west :
And, clothed in a cloak of grey like the ghost of
a faded pageantry,
Beauty turned softly, slowly, sadly to rest.

THE OLD SETTLE

THE old oak settle drawn beside the fire
Is Granny's proper place.
And when the flickering firelight, dancing
higher,
Lights up her lined old face,
The shining settle, red with flecks of flame,
Makes Granny like a picture in a frame.

High-backed it hides the kitchen world away.
And when the fire burns low
And the last embers pale to ashen grey
And thick the shadows grow,
Around the settle some old mystery creeps
Where in the quiet darkness Granny sleeps.

JOURNEY'S END

A LATE light windin' homeways over the hill
Gleams an' glimmers an' goes where the road
runs down,
An' a distant rumble makes it seem more still
In the silent, sleepin' streets o' the lil' town.

Who can it be in the darkness drives so late ?
Will there be some one waitin' for when they
come
To open a door an' show a light to the gate,
An' give them a cheery word o' welcome
home ?

The glimmerin' light goes down an' comes no
more ;
An' dimlike, the rumblin' wheels on the road-
way cease ;
An' after the sound o' the puttin' to of a door
The night grows still in a quiet dreamy peace.

Was there a smile a-waitin' the journey's end ?
An' a guidin' light in a welcomin' window
shown ?
An' peace, an' rest, an' the comfortin' heart of
a friend ?
Or only the darkness, dreary an' cold an'
lone ?

An' when the end o' my journey happens to be,
An' all in the gatherin' dark to a Door I come,
Will any one wait with a smile to welcome me?
Shall I find peace an' rest? Shall I be
Home?

Printed by Hazell, Watson & Vinay, Ltd., London and Aylesbury.

CORNISH CATCHES

By **BERNARD MOORE**

Decorated Boards 2s. 6d. net :

Extracts from some of the Press Notices :

THE TIMES : " We linger over them with delight. . . . They are all happy."

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH : " Here is a true poet . . . sings a simple natural ballad impeccably sincere. Cornwall has had no such poet since Hawker of Morwenstow."

THE MORNING POST (from a column review) : " Just so good as Cornish Cream to a Cornish cat . . . a thing to rejoice over."

MANCHESTER CITY NEWS, in a column headed " A Cornish Singer " : " Particularly characteristic with their alternate sturdiness and wistfulness."

ABERDEEN FREE PRESS : " Never fail to appeal to mind and heart."

T.P.'s WEEKLY (in a column notice) : " Of remarkable interest . . . his true vocation is to interpret the souls of the people . . . he knows their humour and their half-articulate pathos so well, and apparently he shares the secret only with Q."

DAILY NEWS : " ' Cornish Catches ' are excellent."

BOOKMAN : " Humour and pathos."

DAILY CITIZEN : " All the colour and ruggedness of Cornwall."

CORNISHMAN (from a two-column review) : " Unerring touch . . . an eye for the picturesque and heart for the pathos of Cornish life."

POETRY REVIEW : " Obvious sincerity. . . . Truly human."

WESTERN PRESS : " Admirable."

LEEDS POST : " Delightfully musical . . . a rough-tenderness that gets to the heart."

LITERARY WORLD (from a column) : " Easy, unassuming, lilting measures must bring joy to the heart of every lover of poetry."

LIVERPOOL POST : " Genuine command of the ballad. . . . Vigour in all his writing."

MANCHESTER COURIER : " Thoroughly enjoyable."

ACADEMY : " A true poet."

COPIES MAY BE OBTAINED FROM THE AUTHOR,
41, GLENWOOD ROAD, S.E.6.



32101 067581601

CORNISH HAUL

By **BERNARD MOORE**

Decorated Boards 2s. net :

Extracts from some of the Press Notices.

THE TIMES : " Every poem strikes home."

THE MORNING POST (from a column) : " Food for remembrance wholesome and plentiful as pilchards. . . . It will make a Cornishman sit up and purr all day and go on purring in his dreams."

SPECTATOR : " Full of tingly tunes. . . . Whatever he writes goes with a lilt and a swing."

WESTERN DAILY MERCURY : " Heartily welcome . . . humour and a sense of melody."

ATHENÆUM : " Entertaining rhymes . . . racy portraits."

DEVON GAZETTE : " Captivating. . . . They are homelike, they are sweet."

WESTERN PRESS : " It sets one longing for a foregathering on the little old quay in the dimsey. . . . Full of character."

SCOTSMAN : " Homely and spirited in feeling."

WESTERN MORNING NEWS : " Thoroughly typical of the spirit of the Delectable Duchy. Few have put more happily the genial philosophy of life of the Cornish fishermen."

LITERARY WORLD : " All will appreciate Mr. Moore's freshness, his breezy cheerfulness, and his love of simple, good domestic things."

CORNISHMAN (from a two-column review) : " Tenderness and knowledge of Cornish character . . . special insight into lives and feelings of fisher-people . . . a feeling of homeliness and comradeship."

MANCHESTER CITY NEWS (from a column) : " Appeals to every heart and touches the common hopes and fears of humanity."

BOOKMAN : " Direct and sincere."

C.K.S. in the SPHERE : " A very genuine singer . . . with particular vigour."

COPIES MAY BE OBTAINED FROM THE AUTHOR,
41, GLENWOOD ROAD, S.E.6.

Digitized by Google

Original from
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY